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sition of sage old men to chimneys and forks, we can readily account for Anglo Saxon tyranny of opinion and tyrannical practices in every stage of the world's progress. Lord Palmerston's brutality, Lord Brougham's insolence, and the tory hatred of liberty of Earl Derby are national characteristics traceable to the same source—the obstinate

old English gentleman, all of the olden time.

Thanks to a woman's negative rule, England is improving. The coarseness of English national character is disappearing before the universal refining influence of the "ever-feminine." Until some male genius shall arrive subtle enough to divine and pure enough to honor the high spiritual standard on which a woman's instincts repose, coarse natures will be benefited by the occasional sway of a woman's sceptre. It is fortunate for Englishmen that the Salic law was not grafted on the British Constitution. Female passivity is a useful, indispensable element of national progress. It is found to be so in the Family, which is the beginning and the end of civilization, and we greatly mistake if history does not prove it to be so in the annals of England. At all events, when the history of "Our English Home" comes to be written ages hence, it may be questioned whether the talents of any premier during the reign of Victoria will be estimated of the same service to society as the virtues of a mother and a woman in the person of that excellent and beloved monarch. God save the Queen!

RENOWN.—Wherever the polite arts appear, and flourish in a surpassing degree, the happy native of that soil may, without fear of refutation, arrogate to his country the rare triumph of universal renown. Other perfections shed their lustre like single stars in the canopy of heaven; the influence of the arts alone unites their distant fires, and presents the glories of a constellation. . . .

O Greece! thou sapient nurse of finer arts,
Which to bright science blooming fancy bore,
Be this thy praise, that thou, and thou alone,
In these hast led the way, in these excelled,
Crowned with the laurel of assenting time.

In Greece, the arts were applied to the highest purposes of society. They were employed to enforce religion, morality and obedience to the laws. . . . They multiplied enjoyments, and improved benevolence. . . . Here then they accomplished the signal end for which they are intrusted to man by his Creator.

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In this progress of greatness, the course of the fine arts cannot be omitted nor neglected. According to the degree of their cultivation will be estimated the national portion of intellectual sensibility, and its capacity for advancement in mental elegance. . . . A nation is awful by its wisdom, tremendous by its arms, lovely by its intellectual arts.—*P. Hoare.*

TRUTH is the key of art, as knowledge is of power.—*Sir T. Lawrence.*

DUTCH ART.

BY LOUIS VIARDOT.

"ART," says the great Lord Chancellor Bacon, "is man added to nature;" *ars est homo additus naturæ*. The pantheistic art of Holland could not be better defined. In the land of Spinoza every painter seems to have been content to see, love, contemplate and translate nature according to his individual feeling and taste, each one *adding himself* to nature. Even those painters who extended their travels to Italy, Both, Berghem, Pynacker, Karl Dujardin, embracing the schools of that country within the circle of their studies, did nothing on their return but intermingle southern souvenirs with the realities in the midst of which they were born. This sort of general rule is yet more impressive among those Dutch painters who did not seek models and inspiration outside their own country;—he who traverses Holland at different hours and seasons will find manifold proofs of it.

Should you encounter on a dull day a mournful landscape where northern nature displays its rugged and gloomy aspects, a ravine, a cascade, a dismantled tree, no flocks, no shepherds; in the distance, scarcely visible, some wretched, lonely, solitary cabin, where you would feel life to be a burden, you would exclaim, "Ah, here behold the melancholy Jacques Ruysdaël!" Perhaps you find yourself toward morning on the banks of a canal or river, gazing on a gliding white sail: beyond arise the houses and the church of a small town; on this side, fat, lazy cows lie ruminating amidst the luxuriant field-grass, whilst through fragments of ragged clouds the rays of a splendid morning sun bathe every object in fiery glow. "Behold," you say to yourself, the "creator of light, Albert Cuyp!" A little later, at the quiet mid-day hour, you notice a verdant and peaceful orchard, where every tree casts its shadow on the greensward, and where, in each shade, reposes either a cow, a horse, an ass, a goat, or a sheep, in their simplest and most natural attitudes, and you exclaim at this sight, "Behold, La Fontaine a painter. Here is the inimitable portrayer of animals, Paul Potter!" Still later, at evening, you approach a smiling expanse, where comfortable cattle graze at will, while their attendant guardians blow upon pipes *sub tegmine fagi*, appearing to sigh forth the charms of some rustic Amaryllis; at length you have beneath your eyes an idyl such as a Netherlands Virgil or Theocritus would compose, and you say at once, "Here is the painter of nature in its serene and amiable aspects, Adrien Van de Velde!" And yet later, as the moon ascends upon a throne of clouds, reflecting its silvery disc upon the motionless surface of a winding inlet, with cottages half-concealed in the shadows of poplars and alders, and you say, "Behold the poet and painter of night, Arendt Van der Neer!" A shore from whence the eye ranges over a

calm and transparent sheet of water, where gaily floats in the sun a glittering fleet, or a strand with the black waves of the northern sea tossing some ship in distress, it is William Van de Velde. A stream losing itself in the horizon, reflecting the monotonous tint of a grey, misty and dull sky, and you have Van Goyen. A forest of gigantic trees, with distant gleams of light through its branches, and you have Waterloo.

I have simply cited what the traveller may observe at every step—earth, water, and the sky overhead; I have simply alluded to landscape and marine. But the principle is no less remarkable, is no less true in its relation to the inhabitants of the country, for men are as well rendered by the Dutch artist as animals and plants. Owing to the caprices of fashion which every year sweeps away and renews our exterior envelopes, leaving only to things and animals a lasting identity, I might not, doubtless, encounter in the streets of Amsterdam precisely the costume of Rembrandt, or in its Hôtel de Ville, the Banquet of Van der Helst, or the long satin gowns of Terburg, or the plumed cavaliers of Wouvermans, or the sottish peasantry of Ostade. And yet, if traversing one of its cities, I observe a young girl with an air of curiosity leaning on the old balustrade of a window surrounded with trailing hop and ivy vines, I recognize a Gerard Dow. In the peaceful interior of that gothic mansion where sits an old nurse spinning, and which is illuminated by one of those warm rays of sunshine that the painter, perhaps, brought with him from Java, I welcome a Peter de Hooghe. That canal bordered with trees, running through a city as clean as if it were always dressed in its Sunday's best, where I can count each stone in the street, every tile on the roofs, every brick in the walls, is Van der Heyden, and the vegetable market at Amsterdam still bears evidence to the fidelity of Metzu.

It is plain enough, then, that after leaving *spiritualism* in Italy, we enter in Holland on the domain of *naturalism*. We arrive in the midst of Protestant art, *bourgeois* art, popular art, leaving behind us the art of the great palaces and temples of the south. It has been said, and with no malignant intent, that the artists of the north resemble Penelope's rejected suitors; unable to secure the mistress, they are content to possess her maids. But if it be asserted that in the art of the north we find a vulgar material realism exhibiting the signs of any shift for success, content with the surface of things, and striving to catch the eye without aiming to reach a finer sentiment within, then is it a grave error and a manifest injustice. Just as in Italy the subtle and mystic spiritualists knew how to clothe ideas in appreciable bodies, that is, could express them in clear, exact and precise forms, and embellish them with every pictorial charm, so in Holland the decided Realists, the simple imitators of simple truth could charge their humble compositions with such taste, sentiment and poesy

as to elevate them and place them on a level with the greatest examples of art. "It is essential," writes Paul Delaroche, "that the artist should force nature to pass by the way of his heart to his intellect." And this injunction the Dutch painters illustrate. Besides this, the simple perfectness of any work qualifies it to affect the soul were it only through the medium of admiration. One of Ruysdaël's dead trees touches the heart, Paul Potter's cows speak eloquently, and a kitchen by Kalf embodies a poem. When Pascal uttered these words, "What folly for a painting to attract admiration through a semblance of objects the originals of which no one admires," he showed himself perhaps both a Christian and a philosopher, but not an artist. The Dutch painters, in a word, revealed themselves as perfectly within their little frames as the Italian painters on their gigantic canvases, and before their works they deserve no less to have it repeated, in the words of Bacon: *Ars est homo additus naturæ*.

How, at a later period, did the realistic and pantheistic art of Holland form itself? Here I am going to let an author speak who thinks as I think, and what besides I have already attempted to say, but who is much more competent to meet the question than myself. There is, moreover, in giving way to him, the advantage which every judicious appeal involves: it combines two opinions and the evidence of two witnesses: that of the writer cited in addition to that of the writer who invokes him.

"The same religious revolution," says M. Edgar Quinet, "which created a Dutch political interest created a Dutch art. After the Reformation, the scenes of the Bible are no longer transmitted through the accumulated traditions of the church; no longer any pomp or *fêtes*, scarcely the remnant of a worship; Christianity is interpreted, not by the doctors or the fathers, but by the people . . . for which reason the simplicity of the Scriptures is carried even to the verge of trifling. . . . In this is the revolution of the sixteenth century, in it also the basis of Dutch art. How happens it that the biographers and interpreters of Rembrandt have overlooked thus far his reformation characteristics? His Bible is the Iconoclastic Bible of Marnix, his apostles are mendicants, his Christ is the Christ of the beggar.

"As for the charm of color beneath a sky of lead, a parallel contradiction between nature and art does not exist in the world. Why the ascetic pallor of Lucas of Leyden and suddenly the gleaming brilliancy of Rembrandt. An explanation of these contradictions can only be got at through the same principle as that of its national life. Holland has a double existence, at once European and Oriental; she exists especially through the Indies, through her scattered colonies at the extremities of Asia. . . . It was the colonies conquered in a distant hemisphere that served to focus and kindle

as with a burning-glass the art of Holland. . . . A glimpse of a Moldavian sky is reflected within the walls of a Flemish cabin. . . . Java irradiates Amsterdam. From thence the fantastic and really magical effect of that composite light which no eye ever saw and which nature does not produce. This splendid coloring appears to be without a cause for the reason that its cause is remote. . . . The Batavian painters did not themselves visit the land of light; but they daily saw vessels, sailors and natives arriving from it; they handled the productions, the fabrics and the costumes belonging to it; all of these retaining the hue of their foreign atmosphere. The poor, cold, melancholy nature of the north obtaining a glimpse of this fervid sunshine became enamored of it. . . . I should define Dutch art as an aspiration after light from the depths of eternal shadow."

The innumerable productions of Dutch art suggest another reflection.

We have had occasion to remark, in connection with the Venetian school, and to the example of that powerful republic adding the contemporary example of independent Florence—and with these ancient Athens and the whole of Greece—that the monarchical form of government was in no respect indispensable to the growth of the arts any more than to the fame and fortunes of artists. On this so much vaunted encouragement which sovereigns, they say, can alone largely dispense, we have to put forward a voice whose authority no one will dispute, that of Georgio Vasari himself, who wrote his work before the end of that great century in which he lived, who was a *gonfalonier* of his native city Arezzo, and who remained all his life, according to his own admission, in the *service* of the Medicis and the popes. "Similar to the greater number of princes," he says in one place, "Eugene IV. had no knowledge of Art, and concerned himself but little for it. If princes suspected how important it was for their renown to know how to distinguish men of genius, they would not show themselves so indifferent." Elsewhere: "The advent of Adrien disheartened all the artists of Rome and Florence. The fine arts were so odious to him, that if this pontiff had wielded the apostolic sceptre for a longer time, Rome would have had to deplore the loss of many masterpieces, as formerly, when she saw certain popes condemn to the flames all the statues that had escaped the ravages of the Goths. Heaven, finally, touched with compassion, caused the arts to revive in striking Adrien with death." And again: "So long as Adrien lived there was but little wanting for Giulio Romano, Il Fattore, Perino del Vaga, Giovanni da Udine, Sebastiano del Piombo and other great masters, to die with hunger. . . . Artists grieved over the prospects of the future in seeing every order of talent neglected . . . when, finally, by the will of God, Death came and struck Adrien."

Behold, then, at Rome, who the sovereign was that

in the life-time of Michael Angelo, and when the remains of Raphael were scarcely cold, separated the two great Medicis, Leo X. and Clement VII.! Behold to what a miserable and precarious situation a reliance on presents and commissions from the pontifical court had brought the artists of that time! Well, it is only when a pope chased them from Rome that Venice became a refuge and the favorite resting-place of a crowd of artists, born away from its bosom: Titian from Cador, Giorgione from Tréviso, Paul Cagliari from Verona, Palma from Bergamo, Da Ponte from Bassano, Schiavoni from Dalmatia, etc. It is at the same period as that when Venice prospered, that the great school of the Bellini shed its bright lustre; that Charles V. stooped for the brush that dropped from Titian's hand; that Sansovino, at Florence, constructed the *Zecca* (mint) and the *Loggia* of the Campanile; that Palladio, at Vicenza, erected in the midst of a host of palaces, later than that of the doges, the beautiful church *del Redentore*. It is at the same time that the sculptor-architect, Sansovino, solicited by Duke Cosmo of Florence, Duke Hercules of Ferrara and Pope Paul III., to devote to them his double talent, "replied to their entreaties, again in the words of Vasari, "that enjoying the happiness of dwelling in a republic it would be a folly in him to go and live under an absolute prince."

Holland presents a still more recent example, and one more complete and decisive. Since its revolt against the King of Spain in 1572 down to the peace of Utrecht, in 1713, Holland had a purely popular government, entirely elective, since she obeyed only her stadtholders and great pensionnaires or salaried syndics. It is, nevertheless, during this epoch of full liberty, as of entire independence when Holland floated its young flag so proudly, when she resisted, one after another, Spain, England and France, and became the arbiter of powerful states; it is during this glorious epoch of success that its school of painting also flourished, from Lucas of Leyden down to Van Huysum. "It was," says Thibaudau, "the epoch of this country's successes in every direction. After having wrested its soil from the sea and its faith from the inquisition, and with no other power than perseverance, it triumphed over every despotism, providing a liberator for England, and humiliating the most insensate pride that ever swelled the breast of a king. Holland then furnished an asylum for every inspiration of the mind, a cabinet of study for the investigations of science, and she founded a national school of painting, which is a merit so rare as to belong only to this country and to Italy of glorious memory."

And yet again. Of Florence and Venice it may be said, that wanting a monarchy, these two states had rich and powerful hereditary aristocracies, numerous patrician palaces instead of a royal, papal or imperial palace, and numerous seignorial courts in lieu of one supreme court. But in Holland no courts, no palaces

of any kind—a simple community living on commerce and the produce of the sea and the stock of the soil. And yet what country possessing such a limited extent of territory, with so feeble a population, has ever produced at one time so great a number of eminent artists!

A single glance enables one to perceive what sort of patrons this galaxy of artists worked for. It is no longer the great fresco or the grand canvas destined for the altars of churches or the galleries of castles and palaces; but small easel pictures, not too large for the doors or walls of an amateur's cabinet. It is no longer a subject of lofty poesy, sacred or profane, demanding for its appreciation extensive knowledge and a cultivated taste, but common subjects from common life, in which the eye recognizes familiar objects and scenes intelligible to the rudest understanding. If by chance a great picture be painted, it is for the *Hôtel de Ville*, and it relates to the history of the community. Everything else addresses itself to the *bourgeoisie*, to the people itself, and the artist simply speaks to his equals in the language of the day. It is these very cabinet pictures, these little popular compositions, so meritorious, which, in the general taste of the present day, have such enormous value and bring such fabulous prices. Once more let artists take courage in the presence of the example of Holland as likewise before that of Venice and of Athens, in respect to the changes of public opinion effected by political institutions. Under the Athenian democracy, under the Venetian patriciate, under a Dutch *bourgeoisie*, they will always find fame and fortune with independence and dignity as well as under a monarchy.

HISTORY—LANDSCAPE—PORTRAIT.—A historical scene is a fiction merely. Be it ever so true to nature, it is still the fiction of the painter. But a portrait is truth itself. No imagination can compete with it. . . . Even in a portrait (to use the term) of inanimate nature—what assemblage of cataracts, and hills, and forests—what glories of sunset or meridian, may compare with the little landscape, which restores to us the scene of our own quiet home—which brings before us our childhood—the tree under which we have played—the river beside which we have walked or sported? Art, which never addresses itself, strictly speaking, to our reason, is valuable only in proportion as it operates on our feelings: these are seldom (and then but little) excited by the mere invention of a painter: we rather sympathize with his difficulties; we congratulate him on his success: we say, "How admirably has he grouped those figures! how finely are the light and shade distributed! what a grand expression! what dramatic effect!" We look upon the artist as a hero; he has done much for his own fame. But he who gives us the very smile which won or warms our hearts—the frank or venerable aspect of our friend or father—the dawning beauty of our child—or shows us the tender eyes with which the wife or mother looks love upon us from a distant region—he seems to have thought of us rather than of his own renown, and becomes at once our benefactor and our friend!—*Barry Cornwall.*

Foreign Correspondence, Items, etc.

PARIS.—We are favored with the following extracts from a private letter sent recently from Paris:

"I promised you a French letter, but I blush to acknowledge that notwithstanding my manifold advantages, I have not as yet acquired a sufficient command of the 'lingo' to carry my threat into execution. Well might Tom Hood say, 'Never go to France unless you know the lingo!' I thought it rather a good joke at first, sputtering and pantomiming with the natives, and smiling to myself at the good natured and polite efforts of the people to get at my meaning, but after two or three very annoying experiences that were not at all funny, I began to realize the truth of the words of the poet above, and I did repent 'by jingo,' that my French was not commenced earlier.

"How can I tell you about all that I have seen and done since I arrived! It seems a long time ago, but in reality only thirteen days. Time does not drag heavily with the endless variety of sights and experiences. How many times I have thought that I would like to live and die among the splendors of Paris, its gardens, galleries and fountains, the old palaces and cathedrals, magnificent beyond description! Art is part of the people's daily life, and it is carried into everything that can be made more beautiful by it. No wonder the Parisians live so much out of doors! I don't feel the force of those oft-repeated words, 'There's no place like Home,' while drinking in the splendors which space, out-door sculpture and architecture looming up in magnificent foregrounds, stretching away in magnificent distances, and all glorified in the sunlight, can give you. So far as architecture is concerned, it seems as if I had never been out of an alley before I came here. But I suppose I am telling you nothing new; one cannot refrain, however, from contributing his mite to the general current of opinion. Of course I have been disappointed in many things—but that's nothing, for we experience many disappointments at home. To counterbalance such exceptions, I have been lifted up and expanded by enjoyment and admiration to such an extent, that it does not seem possible to contract again to my old dimensions.

"My lines fell in pleasant places as soon as I got here. Dana, whom I knew in New York, has a fine studio here. May, Cranch, Greenough and Boughton (temporarily in Dana's studio) are in the same building, a few steps from the Champs Elysées and the Triumphal Arch. I have a lodging room in the Rue de ———, where almost all the students of art in this quarter reside. And jolly times they have! There are four in the same house with me. I have 'un joli appartement meublé, garni, et glacé, avec un balcon,' for forty francs a month with attendance—while I write, the 'attendance,' confoundedly pretty, is singing like a lark in the next room.

"I have been looking around for stray little Frères—cheap, Lemmens ditto. There is but *one man* here who has Frère's pictures, and he charges fearful prices. I have seen no Lemmens whatever—the 'spécialité de poulette'* is more sought for out of than in Paris. Merle is very little cared for by Parisians; his pictures bring large prices for the English and American market. Gambart & Co. have all the artists' works who are popular out of Paris, and they charge enormous prices for them. If you by chance encounter one in any other place, its value is known, I assure you. I met ———, of New York,

* Chicken art, if we construe the writer's French correctly.